

Figure 1. The effect of the initial concentration of the reactants on the rate of the reaction. The reaction was carried out at 25°C in 0.1 M HCl solution. The initial concentration of the reactants was 0.01 M. The reaction was carried out in 0.1 M HCl solution. The initial concentration of the reactants was 0.01 M. The reaction was carried out in 0.1 M HCl solution. The initial concentration of the reactants was 0.01 M.

IN GANDHI'S FOOT-STEPS SERIES 1

GANDHISM FOR MILLIONS

Y. G. KRISHNAMURTI

FOREWORD BY

Hon'ble Dr. RAJENDRA PRASAD

President, the Indian Constituent Assembly

INTRODUCTION BY

His Excellency Sri M. S. ANEY

Governor of Bihar

1949

PUSTAK BHANDAR
PATNA

Published by
ACHARYA RAMLOCHAN SARAN
Govind Mitra Road,
Patna.

Printed by
SRI LALIT MOHAN GUPTA
Bharat Phototype Studio,
72-1, College Street,
Calcutta 12

Price Rupees Three

FOREWORD

I HAVE introduced to the public some of the other works of Y. G. Krishnamurti. He is a prolific writer but his successive works on the same theme continue to interest and to instruct the reader. This is because he combines a keen analytical and vigilant intellect with a wide comprehensive and sympathetic understanding. He has brought his penetrating analysis and all-embracing emotions into full service in interpreting what may in one word be called "Gandhism." Mahatma Gandhi was never tired of saying that he was no founder of an 'ism', that he had only repeated truths that were eternal and that had been proclaimed from time to time by all teachers and prophets and poets and philosophers. Yet his own contribution to world thought has been enormous. He was not content with repeating what has been taught through the ages. He acted and lived those truths and taught millions to live those truths. His philosophy of life is not intended only for study in class rooms. It is not an essay in intellectual

gymnastics. It is an intensely practical regime of life and requires to be followed and practised in all its details from day to day, from hour to hour, from moment to moment in one's life. Its application is not confined to an individual but covers in its sweep all situations in human life, individual and social, political and economic. The never-failing and universal weapon of Satyagrah—if we call it a weapon in the absence of a better word—is available equally to the young and the old, to the strong of body and the weakling, to the rich and the poor in worldly possessions, in fact to men and women of all countries and races and of all classes and status. It is equally available for the solution of domestic problems between father and son, between husband and wife, between brother and brother and between friend and friend; for the solution of larger problems between one group and another, between labour and capital, between peasant and landlord, between the ruler and the ruled, so long as these separate classes continue to exist. It is capable also of solving the conflicts between the State and its citizens and between State and State. Mahatma Gandhi has shown in his own life its practical application in almost all these spheres of human life and activity.

His philosophy has therefore not only to be intellectually grasped and digested and assimilated but has to be practised to be fully understood; and the extent to which one individual falls short in his own experience to apply it and act upon it in his own life, represents the extent of lack of comprehension and understanding of all its implications. Nevertheless intellectual grasp and comprehension of its fundamentals must precede its practice, particularly in the case of intellectuals. There were numberless occasions when Mahatma Gandhi used to tell his audiences not to accept anything that he said because he said it but to reject what did not appeal to their reason. His appeal invariably used to be to reason and never to authority howsoever high. It is because what he taught has appealed to the reason and intellect of the greatest intellectuals of the world that he acquired the unique position that was his and that will continue to be his through the ages yet to come. His teachings therefore bear repetition and interpretation. The best source is of course his own works printed in numerous volumes and in various languages—Gujerati, Hindi and English. But there are various grades of seekers and readers and it is the duty and

responsibility no less than the privilege of those who have made special study of these to present them in a form and language easily intelligible to each grade. Y. G. Krishnamurti's essay is in that direction and I hope it will help and serve the purpose for which it is intended.

24-3-49
Ziradei.

Rajendra Prasad

INTRODUCTION

KRISHNAMURTI is an acute thinker and hardly needs introduction to his Indian readers. In this little book, which supplies rich food for thought, he tries to bring the force of his deep convictions and the rapture of his emotions to the 'millions'. Whether he succeeds will depend now on the 'millions', for Krishnamurti has done his job well. The written word, however, has never been an adequate vehicle for thoughts, much less emotions; and that handicap will remain.

I think that he puts all the teachings of Mahatma Gandhi in a nutshell by presenting them in the form of a triangle with world-view, truth-force and non-violence as its three arms standing on the basic assumption that "the world is renewed when the soul is made afresh".

More than anything else, to my mind, the peculiarity of Gandhiji lay in his deep conviction that what was essentially good was good for every occasion, what is good for one is good for all, and

what was good for the individual was good for the society and the state. His courage in applying the concepts of truth and ahimsa to every walk of life—including even the political sphere has been unequalled in history. And it is Krishnamurti's theme, as I understand it, that that courage should be universal and the citizens of the world, should follow that path of Gandhiji

I am sure that the critical students of Gandhiji's teachings will agree with the author's remark that "Gandhism is no highbrow ideology but a working philosophy for millions". It is already showing signs of becoming "a driving force in world history". Let us hope that it will ere long lead to the creation of" a liberated and harmonised world".

Governor's Camp
Bihar.
Feb. 4, 1949

M. S. Aney

DEDICATED TO
Hon'ble Sri R. R. Diwakar
A NEO-GANDHIAN

Acknowledgments

I consider myself very fortunate in securing for this inaugural brochure the blessing of Deshratna Dr. Rajendra Prasad and His Excellency Sri M. S. Aney, who symbolize the idealistic urges and traditional values of the land.

My thanks are due to Sri Upendra Maharathi, Sri Indra Dugar and Sri Asu Bandopadhyaya, who very kindly consented to use their paintings and sketches in this volume. I am also very much indebted to Sri L. M. Gupta, whose care and skill have given the brochure a charming get-up.

¶ Finally and especially, I wish to thank Principal Raj Rani Wij. My discussions with this genial and brainy lady have cleared the ideas and enlivened the conclusions.

In Gandhi's Foot-Steps

AT the very mention of the Gandhian concept the eye brightens and the pulse of change beats faster. It is the strength of this concept that it is grounded on reality and calls for ever-renewed vision and ethical will. As the new threats to the human fabric come nearer, Gandhism becomes the rallying point of all those who believe in civilized ways of living and knowing.

This series sounds the clarion that the work of educating the peoples of the world in the Gandhian ideology and institutions must be taken up with radical fervour. Needless to say, each brochure will be written with competence and vigour, insight and feeling. Its contributors will bear in mind the salutary truth that to dogmatise or to instil what is alien to the Mahatma's temperament and method is to lose his heritage.

Gandhism is the name of man's new philosophy and destiny and it would, therefore, be ungracious to apologise for offering this series.

The Publisher

THE world is cleansed by blastings but it has not yet learnt to be humble in the presence of the higher truths. It has failed to ask even a partial relief from the torments of the day. There is neither a fusion of moral effort nor an invincible determination to accept the lessons of experience. Somehow the contemporary man has not grasped the drift of forces and fitfully echoes the distempers of the period.

Our age has witnessed the ground-whirl of the decayed leaves of ideologies. Only the movements of the heart have shown time-surviving qualities. The total war has sundered old ties, revealed the fearful aspects of scientific cynicism and made us prefer the darkness of the grave to the noonday of a materialist morality. The agitation of the spirit is brief and the natural conservatism of man proves more dangerous than any fifth column. Instead of harnessing a potentially everlasting moral passion to the wheels of history, he has allowed freedom and culture to revolve round the atomic weapon.

The pattern of a new order is on the loom. It is only a bitter distillation of the toxic atmosphere. There is no evidence of its weaving into the imaginative picture the infant hope of a world

political structure. Though the design is lavishly made yet it seems a tribute to the fallen Fascist idols. It has left man trembling beneath the lengthening shadows of a third war.

The sands are running out but men of affairs have not dropped their twin illusions: terror weapons and spheres of influence. There are lurid streaks in the present scene of their following up the wrong clues. A readiness to sacrifice world harmony to group loyalty and turning the disapproving eye on historical capacity are the ingredients in a developing crisis. Naturally, words have lost their primary meanings and a closeness to infirm convictions typifies the new outlook.

When the lights are again turned down people must eat less and work more, opt for guns instead of butter and take their own medicine with unsmiling resignation. In that hurricane of uncertainties and violence the central hard core of life itself will be dissolved. Therefore, the fabric of civilisation stands or falls by the power of evoking a new response to this threat.

But, as always, man singularly neglects the spiritual force. The reason is that the search for the hidden ethical reality is arduous and unavailing. Moreover, it is not a booming commercial undertaking. It is strange a generation that faces and embodies so much epic is fascinated by the faded

mantle of war-mongers. Evidently, it has laid the lessons of disaster in the limbo.

In the welter of our day there is a light-hearted beheading of truths. An epoch that is relieved of the trouble of thinking and choice by the totalitarians revels in fatuous aims and churlish ingratitude. The redeeming character of this period is that Gandhi appeals to history for the confirmation of moral values. He frees man from a listless acceptance of prescriptions and puts protective railings round civilisation. When he is engaged in the yet more difficult task of reconciling the historical purpose with absolute oneness the world bears the pain of martyrdom on its soul.

The martyrdom of Gandhi is a spiritual challenge and the future of man hangs on his capacity to accept it. Luckily, it has set in motion a wave of speculation. There is a chance of the world staging a death-bed repentance and accepting Gandhi's new moral wares. If India had made a nearer approach to his utopia, the moral impulse would have enjoyed a global revival. She has not yet taken a good step forward and cannot see the whole range of the Gandhian truths unless she yields to them without reserve.

The most salutary undertaking of the new regime would be to master the Gandhian process and share the harvest with the world. Its beauty,

thrill and doctrine can arrest and quicken the attention of any epoch. To depose Gandhism with little fuss runs counter to tradition, conscience and the historical currents. This being so, if we betray Gandhism, the world will discover it.

The influence of Gandhi's thought has flowed, and flows in myriad channels. Being an enemy to every shape of tyranny and brutalization, it is the only positive alternative to the threat inherent in the atomic bomb. The splitting of the atom has brought about a complete rupture between science and humanism, the status of man in nature and the unethical use of power. Man is depressingly overtaken by events and he grovels before a political solution.

If he fails to change half the political and social ideas of the epoch, the cleavage between science and life becomes more steadily apparent. The atomic weapon has already imported into politics a new violence and to evolution a ghoulisn fear. Without the break that morals imposes on power, the peoples of the world will be shepherded into a centralised tyranny.

The most critical problem in world history is, therefore, to resolve into a new adjustment the polarity of the historical development. An oscillation between the extremes of Bikani goats and peace missions indicates two contrary impulses. They are propelling nations into the

vast deep of a crisis. Those who have watched the diplomacy of the big powers over the last few years can clearly see the symptoms of another world upheaval. Nations are rushing into the fray, all leaping flames and slaughter.

2

Beneath these shifting veils of history the moral ideal bursts into view. The story of three decades illustrates anew the blunders and cross-purposes of contemporary political ideologies. In their domestic set-up as well as in the conduct of international relations they have kept world peace obstinately in the offing.

Fascism, Communism, Pluto-democracy and Gandhism are the four dominant thought-models of the century. The most bankrupt of the four ideas now is Fascism. It is effective in integrating the blind forces within the community and sums up all purity and progress in one shirt colour. It toys with the hope of a world empire and "force with risk" becomes its avowed policy. In the process of fitting Europe into the Nazi structure, its ideology commits suicide by taking an overdose of its own tablet. Pluto-democracy dominates the final phase of the war and loses its initiative in the peace. It courts Communism ignoring the approaching convulsion. Its lens of memory is now fogged and talks of an unani-

mous rally based on the acceptance of the Russian peril. Stalin and company spit a historical fallacy before spilling the blood of weak neighbours. In these tortured years new fears have sprung up to life and total insincerity is paving the way for another total war.

The world is endlessly conscious of Gandhism, the moving beauty of its doctrine and symbols. We must examine how far this concept is in step with the new environment. Otherwise, it ceases to have a new utility and inspires delusion.

Gandhi brings tens of millions close to the quick of what he contemplates or acutely feels. This fidelity to the primary intuitions and universalising his felt thought are the vital ingredients in his philosophy. His taut and quick words evoke new sense impressions. They are persuading words and make a stimulating challenge to smug opinions and easy hoodwinkings. They overcome or curcumvent a prejudice.

Our generation has thriven on storms. It must now guard and transmit the Gandhian ideal so dearly held at heart. We want this ideal to prevail. It might be argued that this vein of talk hardly suggests the times. For, we persuade millions of innocents to take hammerings of the new barbarians. We slowly resolve to hit hard and hurl back. The murderous hordes retrace their steps in agony and blood. This is familiar

history and it is certainly not non-violent but blood-dripping history. How can the Indian show at the same time a propensity for war and a passionate adherence to non-violence ? Does it not create a split-personality ? Whether he takes weapons to prevent hearty plunder or to keep alive warloving tradition, it distorts the image of non-violence in the mental picture of a people. In this moral confusion the non-violent symbols are revived only in a grocer's calander. Gandhi identifies national regeneration in terms of soul power while the new rulers are reassigning the national energies based on kilowatts of horsepower. However, these inner contradictions do not sap the ultimate power of the nation to work for the non-violent ideal. In the clarity of the historical moment it can rise to new heights of faith and glory.

It is a pity that our ruling class has never yet passed the stage of a mere reconstruction of the state mechanism. The Gandhian ideal has not found a concrete response in them. The Congress spokesmen too display zeal divorced from responsibility. We may throw squarely upon them the onus of fundamental pessimism and raw conviction. Some of them must be heard and not seen. Because they are inscrutable. There is, therefore, no significant move to enlarge the meaning of the Gandhian concept to world canvas.

As stated before, Gandhi's martyrdom is both a chronicle and a preface, the dim beginning of an exciting human adventure. Its effect on the posture of affairs is not yet measurable and the valiant efficiency of its method on all fronts is yet to be demonstrated. For centuries mankind will pay a renewed tribute to his immense message of love in every tongue. These tributes will be less rewarding, less consoling if there is no effort to keep close to ethical actualities. The contemporary man lacks the heat of genuine emotion and is not always equal to his opportunities. That is why, he prefers a losing material gamble to moral vigilance and energy. The terrible and mean aspects of these harassed years illustrate this melancholy fact.

To put it brutally, today cynicism is the only form of emotional greatness. Wallowing in a false esthetic, man cannot bridge the hiatus between truth and life. He is haunted by the feeling that ethical indulgence or any brand of mysticism is just another word for senile decay. In his view, the flowing carol of the mystic under-rates the sufficiency of the actual and its goal of the regenerate man is a journey to the unknown. Surely, then, the moralist is a murky figure and crookeries alone can promise the survival of nations. Modern lips find the truths of life difficult to utter and they must be muffled beyond recognition.

The moral teachers are not unaware of these cynical overtones. They know perfectly well that the cynic's eyes always stray below the horizon. Let him daily spin his stale invectives till the cock crows. But the fact remains that the moods and enthusiasms of the common man are roused by a stirring moral call. Without this essential moral quality man could never pull out so many stops in the historical organ.

It is vital to recall that familiarity with the mechanised death-trap has made him a trivial insensitive to moral beauty. In the present turmoil two vivid impressions gather in our minds. Modern life is uneasily conscious of unbalance and new sorrows and there is an utter lack of sincerity of emotions. The masses generally brood and grumble a little before uncritically accepting prescriptions and prohibitions. Lacking in imaginative insight, man is unable to scan new horizons. A misplaced confidence in labels and an unwillingness to face facts are the bitter legacy of the inter-war years. Man cannot hack his way through these prejudices. However, there is inspiration in the fact that by readiness of sacrifice he can transform realisation into reality.

One is not guilty of the charge of national ego when he maintains that among living philosophies Gandhism alone enables millions to live up to absolute truths everyday. Thus it forces

us to see and touch the cosmic pattern. It opens up a new realm of adventure and sensation and unites men on the plane of insight and sacrifice. The main characteristics of this ethical process are: it makes no parade of the instruments of analysis yet its perspective is clear. It is a corrective of extravagances in idealism and will. It envisages no class struggle as its ethic is essentially human and self-perfecting. Nor is it an exercise in dialectic and denials. It respects an exalted reality and makes the human life the vehicle of a moral purpose. Finally, it asks us to carry everywhere the hearts of patriots and the eyes of compassion.

In the ideological crisis of our time Gandhism asserts a life grounded on truth-force and the sovereignty of man. The pervading doctrines have failed to interpret the historical material in terms of ideals. In this respect Gandhi has brought to the vivid and sharp focus of values the basic stuff of life. The herding of human motives and loyalties into types has destroyed the necessity of finding life's meaning. Here again, Gandhi has enabled us to see the pattern of history and life and defines an emotional attitude towards it. Another menacing aspect of the crisis is that life is divorced from ends. Gandhi expressly says that a community of ideals can be visualised only as end-product. We also notice the absence of new compulsions to weld

racess into a world society. One must accept the view that Gandhi's ethical genius is universal or that it is futile. It is a curious reflection on our times that statesmen believe in the tools of violence to create a super-state and scotch the idea of a vast moral community. As the war years pass into historical perspective, the inner forces of sanity and love will emerge in bold outline. Gandhi is firm in his belief that man's nature can be tempered to the new task of quest and tranquil living. In this vital matter the Moloch has stripped his choice. If he is to be equal to his destiny, he should become more powerful than the swift clash of events. It is significant that the faith of Gandhi gains in range and depth as our little planet hurtles from one crisis into another and as more hammer-strokes of history fall on the anvil.

3

It might look an ingenious solution when one asserts that the present crisis should be attacked with the conclusions of pre-history. In the evolution of man there are two striking periods in which there is a paralysis of will and a consciousness of obliteration. The first crisis occurs when man is less articulate in his civilised pattern and aim. The primitive sees the mass movement of glaciers. It is the death-shudder of

the ice-age. He invokes no panaceas or nostrums to save himself. Cataclysms are not made : they occur. This elemental threat is astro-physical, caused by the change in climates. He fights a long-drawn battle against nature. It is also followed by mental travail and adjustment. He migrates to the great river valleys of the Indus, the Nile, the Euphrates and the Yellow River and builds the mansions of civilisation. Savage fighting, experiments in living, the hoe technique of agriculture, clearing the forests, draining of swamps and development of technical skills prove as potent as his broken habits. Soon these neo-hordes assert their territorial sway. They take a spiritual pride in merging into larger units and create a new social equilibrium. Thus the primitive grasps the physical causes of catastrophe and by constructive thinking and social change brings the elements and the ages under his command.

It is true that our empirical data and social techniques are far greater than those who live in the dawn of history. When catastrophic events overwhelm us, we seek expedients and counterfeited displays. Our thought fails to move toward new social and political concepts. This problem of change is sharply put in the second crisis-astro-nuclear, which now threatens our historic survival.

It is clear that man has ceased to get

sustenance and cheerfulness from nature and that his life lacks atmosphere, moods and significance. It is also well to remember that the only faith that prevents man from entering into a metallic atmosphere is Gandhism. It can unravel the self-tied knots of the atomic age.

It is not enough to beat the drum of evolution with an effective stick. Another truth to be grasped in cool blood is that a creative view of life can only rise from an insight into the structure of history. In this respect the typology of Gandhi's non-violence and world-view is definite and inclusive. It reconciles the truth of man with the meaning of history. In other words, the nature of man is mirrored in the postulate of history. There is no wee-bit exaggeration when we say that no revolutionary has yearned after a full articulation of the historical consciousness like Gandhi.

The shifting fancies of the politician obtrude on the central thread of history. He tries to fix the resounding commonplace on its framework. It must be frankly said that the politician has scarred the fabric of world loyalty.

Few persons can dissent from the proposition that life can be reconstructed either by changing the processes of thought or by reliving historically valid feelings. Gandhi uncovers the springs of historical action by striking a correct balance

between values and ends. He seeks the meaning of history in ultimate values and thus visualises its process as the movement of the creative soul. Thus he forges the historical element into a forward-looking faith.

Man might wear new ideological masks as the historical situation demands. The point of our argument is that the values of life is found in a blend of biological and historical activities inspired by an optimistic world-view. This means man should build an idealistic culture in biological terms. The one lesson of history is that nature's threat can enforce cultural coherence. It follows that the new synthesis must be tested in the biological balance. And this idealistic culture arises out of the mental wreckage of a community.

This biological cultural theory is woven into the fabric of history itself. If a graph of the movement of all isms is constructed we find that the narrow deterministic creeds have created more fluctuations and unfreedoms. There has been an intimate relation between a responsive cultural mentality and epochs of creative fulfilment.

Viewed in this light, the crisis of our age is engendered by the strident note of unethical science, the lack of a culture-pattern to welcome change, a failure to grasp the rhythm and

direction of historical forces and the destruction of the intuitional and idealistic urge. Then the human philosophy, culture, government, economics, institutions and law are brought within the penumbra of this crisis. At the moment the signs of the biological man surviving this threat are not conspicuous. He lacks the inward fire to recreate the traditional values which lie in the wayside dust and slime of life.

Gandhism which reasonably claims to belong to the historical tradition proffers few reflections. In its view historicism is a search for a general pattern of events glowed by truth-force. Naturally, it rejects the Marxian plea that the historical sequence is rooted in economic forces. By uniting the common endeavours with inner feeling, it makes the totality of the conscious more susceptible to the historic process. In this sense, only the historical view can promise the full liberation of man.

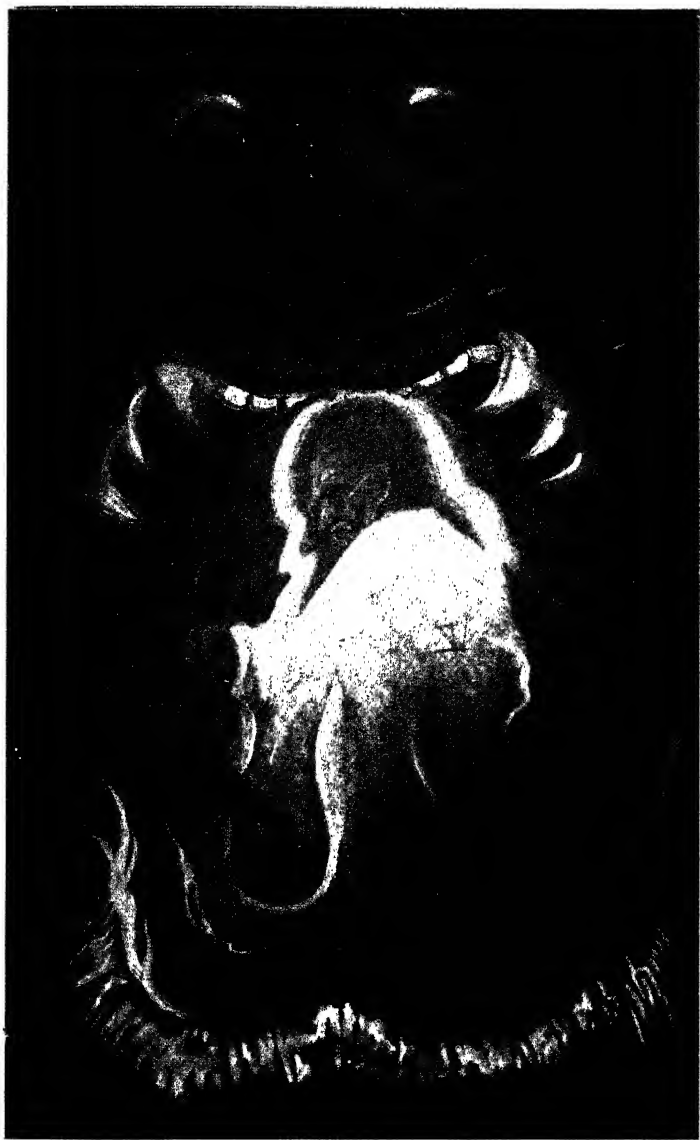
The revolutionary mind of Gandhi holds that men are created to love and this active compassion should express itself in historical capacity. This historical consciousness which produces and sustains upheavals is locked up in the soul. It imposes on the individual certain inescapable moral duties. By performing these duties he becomes the proper subject of rights. He will not yield to the tyranny of circumstance or system and dedicates himself to ideal ends if

every aspect of his life is at once personal and historical. On this view to be a Gandhian is to be the historical man, who is a synthesis of polarized views.

Stated summarily, history is the heightened image of the profoundest self. Man must first produce the creative process in the soul before putting it on the film of history. The historical man is a self-realising biological unit. It is this spontaneous capacity that supports him in interfusing his individual life with the cosmic pattern.

4

Man cannot shut all his faculties up in the biological and historical concepts. He must stretch his mind to the cosmic. This does not mean that he should turn a Nelson-eye to the little endearing things of life. The total philosophies have already inserted the thin end of their wedge in the ideals that have nourished life. In one big haul the totalitarian arm collects and annihilates life values. The ideas of class struggle, ruthless amorality and professional revolutionaries have passed into current thought. This trend asserts that only trained hatred can make masses ripe for revolution. It thrives on rift, political and temperamental.



It is wrong to underrate the poisoning of emotions and the distortion of the web of life brought on by the materialist creeds. Their world outlook is a realisation of their worst cant. We should be a little chary about accepting the Marxian world-view which is hammered in with metallic taps. This stagey word with its streaming light and ensigns has become a communist rant. Those who are acutely aware of the ethical content of this concept, the splendour of its cosmic rhythm, its bugle call, are convinced that the Marxian cosmology is only a straw in the breeze.

Yet we cannot turn eagerly to the inspired guesses and mass of interests of the pluto-democracies. The chicane of these powers has broken the cosmic dream. The pluto-democratic world only wants to get rich. It extorts the help and approval of smaller nations in working for the political eclipse of its rival. Its programme of emancipation and reform is forcing on vast areas a new economic servitude. This dangerous tendency is proving the root and beginning of the break-up of Europe. The traditional European culture is a synthesis of Greek, Roman and Christian outlooks. But the heart of post-war Europe has a burning communist core.

Today there is an uncertain mixture of ideal and perspective in our conception of foreign affairs. It has ignored a silent but definite trend

shaping our thought—the Gandhian world-view. It rejects mechanical panaceas like the United Nations Organisation as a cure for the malaise of the world. Its fundamentally moral approach to politics will find many scoffers. This new factor in human affairs will soon inaugurate a supra-national movement which takes a pluralistic and non-violent attitude towards power. A young republic should be consistent to the central teaching of its Revolutionary Father. Those who drag our country into quixotic adventures must meet a stern censure. We are seeing how the world is converted into a huge slaughter-house by wars waged without a common belief and a common enemy. A sane government with its eyes fixed on ethical responsibility and a conscious leadership with a strong ideological fervour should not write the epitaph on the one international hope raised by Gandhism.

The nation has shown its readiness to accept Gandhism at any price. Its ideology and method alike give millions a sense of creativeness. There are not wanting voices throughout the world to admit its mutations of history. But we notice a strange unwillingness on the part of the Mahatma's closest disciples to deal with this concept in a straightforward and empirical way. The masses have retained an imaginative potency and a belief in revolt. They know that the Gandhian technique is made up of folds within folds and

it stands secure against a changing historical background.

Even in the east the deadly communist menace has altered the emphasis and tempo of life. China, which is burdened with cultural echoes, which has given mankind an exquisite ethic and which has lit the stream of history with the names of Confucius and Lao-tze must now parody her former ethical self. The grim events unfolding on her ancient soil prove that the Marxian ideology has a certain vitality and resource and fully reflects the cynical character of the time. The road to the Chinese culture is paved with the bones of theories. She will add another to it. We are heavily pressed to believe that among the Asian countries the India of Gandhi will refuse to play the sedulous ape to communism.

India has her own brand of earnestness. She believes in Gandhism which is emblematic of ethical hope. She has not allowed moss to grow on the symbols. Their ardour burns beacon-like and rouses in us a regenerate impulse. The Republican India with her urgent moral hunger can never change the handspun Gandhi cap to the working man's trousers. She has fought her way out of a repellant and classic imperialism. The essence of her new destiny is a nearness to nature, to historical consciousness and to an inclusive synthesis. It derives its surest foundation

from a moral 'insight and endeavour. In particular it should not be forgotten that India cannot continue for long an uneasy partnership with phenomenally selfish and exploiting states. She must foster a new science of international relations by creating the cosmic man.

5

The cosmic man will herald the morning glow of a polarised self and the world. He will rediscover the values, graces and balance of life long since buried. It must be confessed that in our besotted epoch man has a fabulous gift for escapism. His crassness proceeds from angry disillusion and no myth is too tall for him to swallow. Party blinkers blind him to the effulgent truths. He seeks a relief from the humdrum in spiritualist mediums, gliding beauties, inverted snobbery and crime fiction. His economic crazes stretch farther than materialist laws. Austerities and black-market, the discipline of the mind and the needs of the pocket have made the human spirit to feed upon tension and quakings. What has set mankind on the march is the questing spirit, the sense of values and the dynamic urge of passion. Apart from a mass-patterning of life, focal cities, "machine politics" and ideological crusades there is no rise in creative temperature. Nor do we hear

the rattle and bang of a new mental climate. Men of affairs have failed to create even the illusion of a new order.

A schism in the heart has invaded all realms of imaginative life. In literature an over-condensed telegraphic phrasing irritates and amuses the reader. The social scientists make graphs of feelings and each study is a worthy specimen for a museum. It points to a craving to lead a strict double life. Such an existence carries within it the grain of disaster. In philosophy there is an exotic bloom and the new healers ask man to fix his unnerving gaze upon himself. Modern historiography promises peepshows and not a rich glimpse across the bridge of centuries. The arts are a pyramid of dead words as they slake the thirst of triviality.

Man should reflect for a minute why his life is drained of inspiration. The evidence of the causes for his being drawn away from the truths is large and varied. The concept of the cosmic man must turn him to a humanist landscape. The cosmic man is rich of nature, sharp in vision, full of unconscious dignity, moved into a world of deeper awareness and gathers into his sheaf from the rich harvest of ages. In such a person the dissatisfaction with the environment and the unspoken urge for adventure will be sublimated in following the signposts of a universal purpose. This opens up new

avenues of thought and inward enrichment. Love already diluted by the enslaving lures of statetism, bureaucracy. violence, individualism and mechanisation will again become the essential thread of his life. Each step in the direction of this concept is a retreat from the perilous borderland of uncivilisation.

A spectacular life-view can only spring from true philosophical foundations. Then the cosmic man, a new genre, carries in his bones the personalist faith. It is the most cherished creation of the sensitive minds and is capitally significant today. In our epoch of cataclysmic changes all ideas flash in the pan. In their desire to transform their ideologies into mass equivalents their moral values are sinking into a low ebb. A profound disbelief in the spiritual process and a fear of solitude and inwardness are the crystallised fruit of this attitude. It is small wonder if personalism darkens into a silhoutte.

While developing a concept in its different levels it is difficult to resist the temptation of jumping every hurdle and scaling new heights. Specially the associated features of the doctrine of the cosmic man are many and it interprets the simplest of human feelings in terms of an endearing universalism. It resolves personal discords and makes that very act a part of the human drama. It must be expected that this concept prefers a full canvas and every stroke

in it reveals a universal meaning and truth. The final impression produced by it is that it is hard to be a man and harder still to be cosmic.

At a time when the idea of wholeness has lost its grip on science and scholarship, a fluid chaos of opinions encompasses life. A hopeful approach to this fermentation is to consider the concept of personality on cosmic grounds. It would not readily occur to many that in the maelstrom of violence, racialism and state-worship the truth and value of man is mutilated. It is no doubt true that creative personality has become the jargon of fireside chats. This hardly alters the fact that it implies a view of history, a philosophy of man. We should realise that personality is something more than the capacity to be strident when crushed and pleasant when appeased. It is a creative unfolding of the self in the material and moral settings. It is the poetry and idealism of life, a force which takes the eternal truths by storm. In the inter-war years it is in eclipse and the total philosophies unleash a cold hatred on it. It is worth remarking, however, that its acceptance as a life-system is a development beyond the thought of the pre-atomic age.

6

In our dismal world the human spirit is burdened, distorted and driven. The process

of mechanisation and the persecution mania have erased the element of anguish and power which dissolves everything in a universal harmony. But there is a deeper spring in man which no system or ideology can touch. So long as the inner loyalty to truth remains, he is armoured against the world. This is the grasping of reality, the ultimate meaning of life. The world has grown sufficiently familiar with knockabout ideologies and international apostles of racial arrogance. The spirit of man has not received one crumb of comfort. The dictators tell us that the next step in evolution is the emotional scheme of things presented by the lie-machine.

The total creeds have failed to grasp three lessons of history. First, culture is the march of the world spirit. Secondly, when man sees an eye-ful of values he controls and resolves the world crisis. Finally, man's capacity to build new patterns is ageless and infinite. We should then judge movements and ideals by one standard. Whether or not it treats man as the crown of the evolutionary process. The one constant in all world design or policy should, therefore, be the conception of a new synthesis. It must teach him to look at things and look cosmically. Then the eternal is clothed in the changing personalist form. It is in such a great moment that scepticism gives way to faith, the finality of truth to blind gropings. What is divine in man is

his creative impulse, which emerges out of the stream of necessity only to triumph over its bonds and lures.

it is comforting to know that the cosmic match is lit and it has found the way to the wick: neo-Gandhism. This philosophy of the integral man can never drop out of our memory so long as it gives the binding principle which links individual and social values together. Its constantly widening influence is due to its illumination of the human theme. It accepts creative personality as the end of evolution. It visualises man as a person of scintillating enthusiasms, eager to float on the rising air-currents of truth and love. Furthermore, it conjures up a world of stirrings, felicity and experiment.

This is the time for pure philosophy, undiluted, integral and optimistic. It is hardly a paradox to assert that a good integral man is a Gandhian and to keep close to the human heart is to become integral. Man is at perpetual war with nature, with the historical setting and with himself. This has introduced into his life new tension, uncertainties and cynicism. Gandhism has revealed a characteristic manner of transmuting the contraries and tears of life into a nocturnal pealing of peace bells. The nature and destiny of man is revealed in the triangle it presents: world-view, truth-force and non-violence. What is basic to it is that the world is

renewed when the soul is made afresh. This calls for an intense spiritual struggle. To those engaged in it illumination or martyrdom comes not as a penalty but as a fate. Persons unmoved by the tragic beauty cannot behold its perfect image of truth. It is in such terms of heroic dedication that the cosmic man should stretch out his hands to a single world impulse.

The world can now recognise that shade of emotion and timbre of voice which is Gandhian. The tidal harmonies of its creed engulf the world soul when India chooses a member of a race that inflicts unspeakable brutalities on her as her first governor-general. The flavour and potency of the concept satyagraha and a bright vision of the hereafter are mirrored in that sublime historical act. She trusts a nation that applauds its pirates, that exterminates Red Indians with gun-powder and the Australian natives with arsenic and that proclaims deceit and graft as typically John Bullish traits. The archangels inhabiting the west of the Ravi call this an invitation to the guillotine.

This is the most revealing of all episodes in recorded history. The world sees in it one of the unrecognised peaks in the soul-history of India. It is an eloquent testimony to the boldness, the inner confidence and the world perspective of Indian thought. It proves that the strategy of freedom and definitive peace does not depend

upon the atomic bomb, spitfire and the radar but on the vision of the mystic.

Gandhism is not a high-brow ideology but a working philosophy for millions. By a turn of the wheel, its vivid philosophic thought has become the driving force of world history. In a decade its symbols will adorn the triumphal arches of a liberated and harmonised world.

An Appeal to the Intellectuals

OUR age has witnessed an eclipse of intellectual authority and militant idealism. Specially the lure of slavery makes our thoughts and institutions stagnant and freakish theories and servile posturings dominate the intellectual life. The academicians are afraid to whisper even a word of doubt against trends that have left a fatal legacy to the unborn. They have failed to create a dynamic balance in life and letters as they are not just and perceptive in their judgments. They cast shadows upon the historic ideals by intoning chants of tutelage and submission. They mistake self-deception for realism ; the imperial glitter for the glow of the sanctuary lamp. How can there be an ever-renewed vitality in our thought-life when the literary angle is distorted ? The intelligentsia stoops to flattery and thrives on prejudice.

In our contemporary verse there is no bold imagery, in philosophy no quivering moral impulse, in history no nearness to a resurgent faith and in social sciences no integrated pattern. When the intellect takes its devices from the slave-maker, there is a negation of freedom, the

death of the spirit, A nostalgia for sleeping beauties, the striped armour of the wasp and the distilled sunshine of the vineyard poses no intellectual problems. Under an ever-shifting surface the gentler arts assume no heroic stature. Their subtle cadences woo us into forgetfulness and give slavery a domestic setting.

In this dark night of the soul Tagore, Radhakrishnan, Aurobindo and Sarojini Devi appear as the magic shiners. In song and precept, in symbol and type they exercise and illumine the deadly night-shade. The nation learns to mock at snobbery, the apparatus of horror and the seductions of evil. It searches for some touchstone to defeat a foul tyranny.

The moral certitude of Gandhi becomes the conclusive vehicle of our deeper urges and lofty destiny. A mind that is powerful enough to influence a Tagore or a Radhakrishnan is powerful enough to generate creative hurricane. By declaring that the world is designed for truth, he puzzles his epoch. His stoicism, gentleness of character, moral rage, tiny sophistries, subtle opinions and pursuit of the absolute remain as the supreme expression of Indian consciousness. Gandhi does not keep his secret but reveals it in his jewelled aphorisms. He introduces into politics the penultimate word—Satyagraha and the obligation of self-perfecting. His ethic gives

birth to a trance and the nation walks in it to its fulfilment.

The ethic of Gandhi makes him the Mahatma and the martyr. It creates the tragic background and he rises above the prolonged torment of deficiencies. He slips into the abyss of love.

Gandhi is not a heavy philosopher like Samkara and Hegel but gives us a new life-philosophy in a new idiom. He is the forerunner of the intuitional outlook, the broad imaginative approach. He carries the emancipation of man farther than bardic wails and triteness of concepts. He achieves a view of man at once flexible and cosmic and enables the spirit to shape the environment.

The signal achievement of Gandhi's thought is that it throws the masses into the vanguard of ethical action. Thus it opens up new tracts of history, unending sunlit glades. An invisible force draws Gandhi to the peasant. He sees in him boundless virtue, energy and hope. He is aware that no ideology can even skim the surface of our agony if it does not work for the peasant upheaval. This supreme ideologist wears no wind-blown clothes and yet the masses strain their ear to catch his celestial message. Its challenging ideal fully answers their needs.

The Mahatma freely gives new moral lamps for old. We should trim them everyday and

discover new attitudes in their illuminating integrity. They suggest a unique literary tradition of reflective passion, brief utterance, loving nostalgia for truth and flashes of great spirit. Though the tradition is puritanical yet it is not sour but genial. When it exhorts man to make his own paradise, it is a splendid revolt from a futile and dismal existence. It invokes a sense of choice which has the quality of immediacy.

In its extreme form the thought-model of Gandhi regards machine culture as bankrupt and dehumanizing. Culture becomes a resurgent process when each new truth provides a human setting. A theory of world and life that rejects the right of choice to create one's own image of the good is inadequate. This choice becomes ethically valid when it shows a total and acute responsibility for created life. Then only he feels the anguish of truth and it issues forth in a spiritual will and reality.

This doctrine of Gandhi is not comfortable but disturbing. It creates and maintains a tension and by self-renewal saves man from dissolution. By bringing God under the rubric of truth, it gives a positive idealistic value to the human spirit and its perennial quest. It deals some reeling blows against determinism when it maintains that the realm of man is the realm of values, freedom, self-hood, flux and striving. Man is not certainly born in chains but he is

born into a world of noise, the radio. It is his choice to wear ideological mask and distort the human fabric or to contribute toward a fundamental unity. Gandhi's thought, with an impetuous force, asserts that the smallest culture area is man himself. It follows that he can sustain or poison the springs of a dominant culture-pattern. Awareness, effort and creative relationships make culture turn on one main axis—truth-force. Its framework absorbs truths of intuition, of reason and of experiment.

Gandhi visualises the difficulty of maintaining social morality without the power of the symbol. He recovers for man the rapture and certainty of his tradition and life-power in that evocative word—Ahimsa. The world that is rocked in a swing between perfidy and blood-letting is tempted to obey his moral beckoning. One feels in that concept the warmth of a thousand clasping hands, the pride of creepers holding their blossoms up and the daintiness of the meadow with the sun and dew upon it. It is the truth of emotion and of the ethic of evolution. It is the mystic's response to a mystic, the lifting of the veil that conceals the design of nature. If it fails in fascination then all the high religions need a quick atheist burial.

we are gloriously certain that the Gandhian life-view makes no unwitting parade of forlornness. It enshrines the faith that values eternise the

conduct of man. It neither treats God as an outdated hypothesis nor man as a conceited worldling but accepts their oneness in the realm of values. It also admits that life becomes a huge mock feeling if there is no harmony between the personal ethic and the social ethic. As there is no ethic outside the pale of action, man's fulfilment lies in an ensemble of strivings. The ultimate teaching of Gandhi is that man is a utopian pilgrim and moral toughness is what matters in his ascent. It defines man in terms of action and places some vivid and simple truths at his doorstep.

Only a philosopher of Gandhi's stature could warn the world that bereft of a universal human condition it is drifting to suicide. He sees in his mud-hut a gathering darkness in the world soul and steps out of it to discover and appeal to the universality of man. He uses Ahimsa as a philosopher's stone to pare away human grossness and brutalities. His ideal man emerges as the organised essence.

Freedom is grounded on choice and choice is related to the world configuration. In this belief the fluent and coherent thought of Gandhi frames all its prescriptions. Then a creative choice is made in the name of human essence and solidarity. Man is, no doubt, free to give meaning or distortion to life. When he projects himself to truth or world anguish, this passing-beyond is his illumination.

The philosophy of Gandhi is bred in the open air of freedom and has its roots in the essences. It does not live in the jejune opinions of politicians who are blind to its ethical first principles. It takes fresh bearing and extends the base of its concept in every new railing put by truth-force against human caprice. It subordinates life to the magistracy of higher values and brings to it a matchless dignity. Its spiritual principles have a singular power and appeal as they enrich everywhere the human inheritance.

However, it must be admitted that the utility of a concept in a given historical setting depends on its gift of response. Though the Gandhian ideology is unsmilingly free of any rigid school-man dogmas yet its great affirmations need a sensitive study. Gandhi's prophetic eye sees no frontier between the absolute and the immediate and regards cowardice and diffidence as the seat of evil. To span a speculative bridge over the massive episodes of his life and grasp a metaphysic latent in them is the work of a literary God-child. In a single vital sense Gandhi is the greatest prophet in the epic of man. He has proved that a heart united to eternal truths, a ear attuned to the throb of love and a mind attached to a single goal enable man to triumph over the human brute and his terrors and seductions.

The Mahatma's lips never utter a word of

malice. His serene eyes reflect the radiance of truth. His sensitive flesh has cauterised all its impulses. His soul draws its vital strains from a hidden spring. In his voice centuried idealism speaks to us. He rises like a portent in the sky and vanishes. He has left behind him no anointed disciple to hoodwink the world. His philosophy is there like a perennial spring. Millions can dip their pails in it. If one has humanity and tenderness then the sparkling waters restore those qualities afresh. To the integrated mind they have the precision and sublimity of a testament. They are the reflections of his intuition, free from polemic and rant, intense and moving.

It is not enough if we have the imperishable pages of Gandhi before our eyes. They can become the inspiration of a new world adjustment if the theorists and critics make the Gandhian faith the leaven of revolutionary sentiment.

7531 (1320)

Gandhi is consumed by his most vehement love. The truth for which he keeps vigil and suffers, experiments and preaches forms the common glow of all tradition. It turns man away from the optimistic trappings of materialism, its mass state and brutalisation to the rhythm of nature and history, its reconciliation of man with himself.

G. C. L. ASFOKNAGAR, HYD.

A fresh expansion of love can save a world

ravaged by greed and violence, totalitarian nostrums and weapons. The idea of peace floats up, inflated, racial, jingoistic, like a gross balloon, and one is tempted to prick it. The natural man is usurped by the political man and the latter is immersed in the destructive flow of hate. The human scene is dwarfed by an ironic awareness of tragedy. Cut off from the ethical roots, the notion of peace cannot reach a new level of articulateness.

There is a profound need for a crusade with mercy. The prevailing ideologies, pluralist and monolithic, have failed to achieve a new synthesis poised on a philosophy of action. We only hear the din of unreasoning prejudice and clashing purposes. Eloquence and irony, an insane thirst for blood and the mob carrying the crucifix, the horror camp and inept propaganda are setting the tone of the new order. There is no evidence of the constructive activity of the spirit. An atheist intellectualism is cutting the ground under the feet of the war-wearied man. In their eagerness to play a political role philosophies are inhaling the stench of trenches.

The Indian intellectuals should realise that Gandhism is the living armour of the world spirit. They should extend the axis of its utopia to the ends of the earth. The spiritual is Indian. The martyred heart of Gandhi holds its subtle enchantment. It can give the nations of the world

a conceptual garment and the impulse to civilization. The world cannot touch even the fringe of integration without a recourse to the symbols of Gandhi. Without injuring any particular historical culture, they can rediscover the universality of spirit. Gandhism is the magic link that binds the petals of a world culture into a radiant pattern.